

Back Home by the_strange_bookworm

Series: [A Day In The Life of Mileven \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

When Mike woke up that morning, it was just a normal day. But stranger things would happen.

November 1984

Back Home

Author's Note:

HI IT'S THE BOOKWORM! I'm so sorry for being dead for so long. I've had horrible writer's block and plain laziness that stopped me from posting. Anyway, just decided to do this even though a thousand people have already done it. I just want a fluffy and emotional mileven reunion that the duffer brothers BETTER GIVE US. But for now, enjoy!

November 1984

It was the weekend. But Mike wasn't hanging out with the guys today. He told them he had to babysit Holly that day so they were all hanging out at Lucas'. It wasn't like he didn't want to hang out with them. He just needed some time alone.

It had been a year and a day since they lost El. The day before, instead of their usual campaign they just talked. Talked about monsters and the superhero who saved them and ate eggos in her honor. But Mike just wanted a bit of time to himself to remember. To remember how she made him feel both protected and protective, when she was with him. To remember her not just as a superhero-not that she wasn't-not that she wasn't one-but as the girl who changed his life.

Though if for better or worse, he wasn't sure yet.

He was biking around Mirkwood, not really knowing where he was going, not really caring at all. He listened to the twigs snapping under his bike and watched the trees swaying around him. He walked where they walked before, in that week, and remembered.

A few times he thought he was seeing things. He thought he saw a girl in a pink dress hiding behind a tree and stopped in his tracks, but turned and saw nothing. This wasn't new to him but strangely, it was unsettling. A couple times he swore he'd really seen her. *But I couldn't have, he thought. It couldn't have been her. It's just-*

His thoughts were cut off as a figure appeared out of nowhere on the road in front of him. He swerved his bike and fell into a patch of leaves next to the road. He sat up and looked around wildly, expecting to see the figure gone.

But it was still there, standing on the road looking dazed and exhausted.

It was her.

He stood up and slowly stepped towards her. She turned to him, looking at him like a deer in the headlights. Her expression softened as, no louder than a whisper, she said one word.

"...Mike?"

He had never smiled so widely in his life.

"Are you okay? Are you lost?"

The boy squinted at Mike from the bright glare of their flashlights. He took a step closer. The boy flinched back in response.

"Hey, it's okay. I'm not gonna hurt you," Mike said reassuringly.

"What are you doing out in the rain, dude?" Dustin asked him.

Mike looked him over again. 'Wait. That's not a...'

"She's a girl. She's not a dude," he whispered forcefully to Dustin.

"Do you need help? We can take you home," Lucas butt in. The girl didn't answer. "Um, can you talk?"

"Stop that, you're making her nervous," Mike said.

"Uh, excuse me. What do you think we should do, genius?"

"Take her back to my house."

"Wait what?"

"Seriously?"

Dustin and Lucas stared at him wide-eyed. Even he was surprised at himself. He tried to think it through rationally. 'We went out looking for Will. But instead we found...a girl with a shaved head wearing nothing but a long t-shirt in a storm at night. And...now I'm taking her home?' Even he had to admit that that sounded crazy.

Then his eyes wandered back to her. She was cold and lost and so so scared. And who else would be walking around the woods at night in the rain? Mike made up his mind.

"Yes. Let's take her back to my place."

"Mike-"

"No. She needs help. We can ask her what happened and where she lives when she's out of the rain."

"So you're gonna let a complete stranger into your house?" Lucas asked incredulously. "We have no idea what we're getting ourselves into! Plus we came here to find Will!"

"Yeah? And what would Will do if he was here?"

That shut Lucas right up. Mike turned to Dustin. Dustin sighed. "Let's get her to your place," he said.

Lucas started to protest but Dustin was walking away and Mike was talking to the girl. He sighed. "Fine," he muttered under his breath.

The girl flinched back when Mike turned to her again. Mike felt instant pity for her and handed her his jacket.

"Here, you must be freezing," he said.

She simply stared at the jacket so Mike draped it over her shoulders. She didn't flinch this time so he figured that was a good sign. He smiled warmly at her and to his surprise, she gave a half smile back.

"Don't worry," he said. "You're safe with us."

"El!"

Mike rushed forward and caught her just as she was about to fall. The two dropped to their knees on the ground wrapping each other in the embrace they've dreamed of for months.

Mike was barely processing anything. All he could do was hug her and cry and whisper over and over in disbelief, "You came back, you came back..."

Well, he didn't actually realize he was crying until El put a hand to his wet cheek with a frown of worry. "Sad?" she asked, her voice barely above a hoarse whisper.

"Nonono," he said quickly as he wiped away the remaining tears. "Sometimes people cry when they're happy, El. And I'm happy. I'm so happy to see you." The last sentence was muffled as he wrapped his arms around her again.

Happy as El was to see him too, she was exhausted and simply leaned on Mike as she cried tears of relief onto his shoulder. She'd worked so hard to return to the only place she could actually call home. She spent so many nights scared and fighting, strained herself till her ears bled and the throbbing in her head became unbearable. All to come back to her world and her friends. To come back home. And after a year of toil, she'd finally gotten there.

Soon, Mike noticed that El stopped hugging back and reluctantly pulled away to properly examine her. She was pale as a ghost and so thin she looked like a skeleton. She still had her pink dress, now dirty and torn, but wore his navy blue sweatshirt-the one she wore that week-over it. You could scarcely see the white in her sneakers anymore and she was covered from head to toe in dirt, with dried blood above her upper lip and on her ears. He was deeply worried for her. But all the same, he put on a smile so that worry wouldn't spread to her. "You-you got my sweatshirt?" he said jokingly. (see *Hear Me: A Mileven Christmas Fic*)

El smiled back and nodded weakly. She tried to stand but stumbled and fell back down. "No, no, hold still," Mike said.

Tentatively, he lifted her up bridal style. Normally he wouldn't be able to do this. But now she was so light it was easy. It worried Mike even further. She needed to be taken care of fast.

He set her down for a while and propped up his bike against a tree. After placing her on the seat, he got on and guided her arms around his waist. He felt El lay her head on his back and smiled.

He got out his supercom-he carried it everywhere since that week in hopes of contacting her-and found the right channel. Then he pedaled away and raised the supercom to his face.

"Guys?" he said. "Meet up at Will's."

"She's back."